

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me  
The Sailor's Hymn  
Edward Hopper, 1871.  
John Gould.

Jesus, Savior, pilot me  
Over life's tempestuous sea;  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal.  
Chart and compass come from Thee;  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

While th'apostles' fragile bark  
Struggled with the billows dark,  
On the stormy Galilee,  
Thou didst walk upon the sea;  
And when they beheld Thy form,  
Safe they glided through the storm.

Though the sea be smooth and bright,  
Sparkling with the stars of night,  
And my ship's path be ablaze  
With the light of halcyon days,  
Still I know my need of Thee;  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

When the darkling heavens frown,  
And the wrathful winds come down,  
And the fierce waves, tossed on high,  
Lash themselves against the sky,  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me,  
Over life's tempestuous sea.

As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous waves obey Thy will,  
When Thou sayest to them, "Be still!"  
Wondrous sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."